

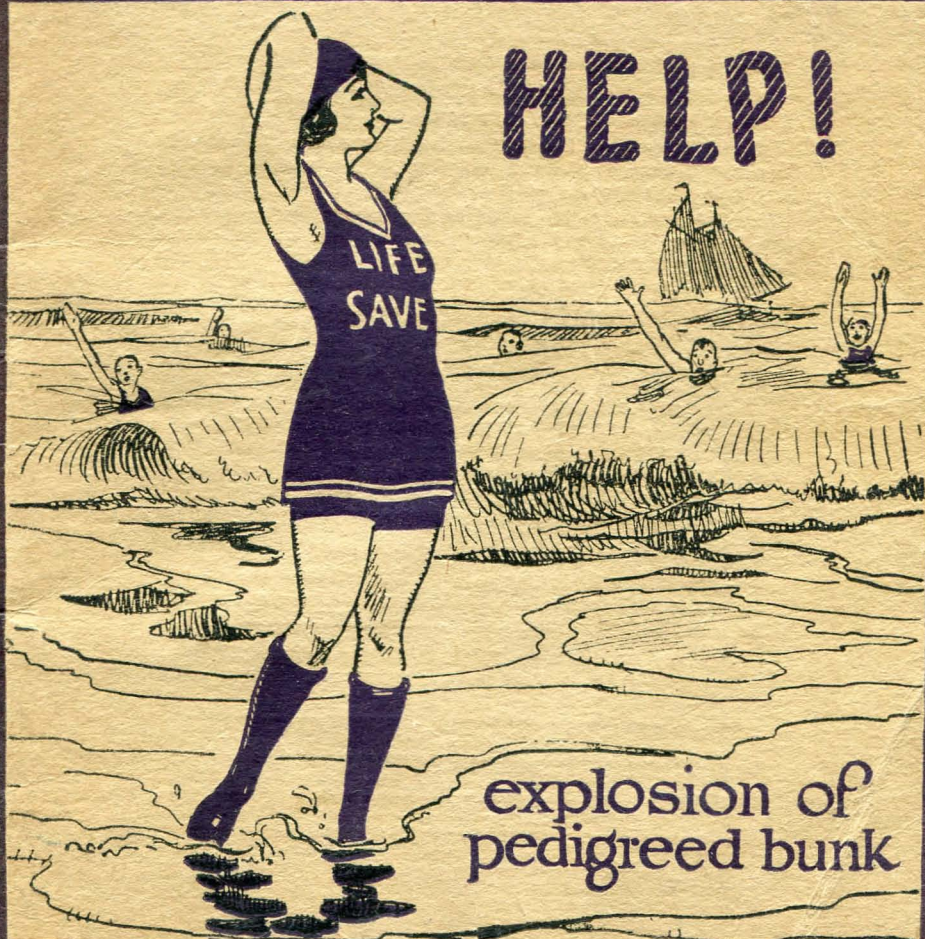
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Capt. Billy's 25¢
Whiz Bang

Vol. III

August, 1922

No. 36



To Laugh or To Be Thrilled ?

Do you wish to get away from yourself?

Are you tired of your own company?

If so, let Captain Billy help you.

There is nothing like a good laugh to sweep the cobwebs from the brain—Whiz Bang will furnish you with a hundred laughs in each copy, or—

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Captain Billy's Whiz Bang



*America's Magazine of
Wit, Humor and
Philosophy*

AUGUST, 1922

Vol. III. No. 36

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Monthly**

**W. H. Fawcett, at Robbinsdale,
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ONE DOLLAR FOR THE WINTER ANNUAL

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**'We have room for but one soul loyalty and that is
loyalty to the American people.—Theodore Roosevelt.**

**Copyright 1922
By W. H. Fawcett**

**Edited by a Spanish and World War Veteran and
dedicated to the fighting forces of the United States**

Drippings From the Fawcett

Editor's Note—It was either Olaf or Aristophanes who once said: "No one ever reads a preface." So, this must not be construed as a preface—merely a beginning on Whiz Bang's August eruption of farmyard fun and foolishness.

Someone pointed to the corrugations on my brow the other day and asked me how it was possible for me to sit down and pound out "phunney" stuff when I seemed to be so busy starting my new magazine, "True Confessions," besides attending to all the multitudinous details of running a modern farm.

It is, indeed, a bold thing for a backward hayseed to sit down in the midst of statistics on hog cholera, spavin and asparagus beetles and try to run a humor publication. But my friend is mistaken when he thinks that the rollicking, rosy-cheeked, happy-go-lucky fellow knows more of the deepest depths of humor than any other type of human.

Usually the antithesis is true.

A gloomy looking man once called upon a doctor friend of mine for treatment.. After an examination the doctor said: "You are suffering from Hypochondria. You need someone to make you laugh. Go and hear Fogarty at the Orpheum tonight."

"I am Fogarty," replied his gloomy looking visitor.

No matter what the philosophy of the matter is, the fact remains that the men of the most delicious wit oftentimes have the most pronounced tinge of seriousness. It is a strange alliance—yea, a paradoxical one—and leads me to express the hope that my Whiz Bang friends will find this August periodical of fun just as piquant and zippy as its predecessors even though Captain Billy has been suffering from temporary spare-time dyspepsia.—Skipper Bill.

HUMOR is a peculiar life's potion.

It is the relaxing of the nervous system; the bright sunlight into which folk may escape when the sweet singers of calamity begin yodeling and when professional mourners start shedding borrowed tears.

It is an invaluable ingredient in the dish of friendship. Switching the metaphor, it is the grease that keeps the wheels of companionship from creaking.

Every once in a while I hear from some section of the country that someone is objecting to several pocket-sized publications and invariably Whiz Bang is included in them. That is because Whiz Bang is the best known.

No fanatic ever had a sense of humor.

It is the man or woman who cannot see a joke and who has no humor in his makeup who is so apt to make a mountain out of a mole-hill and push a principle to the verge of idiocy.

Whiz Bang is not in the world to hurt the sensibilities even of these rare types. Its purpose is to show people the humorous side of life; to be admonitive only when constructive and then without bitterness. In short, Whiz Bang stands for a subtle, wholesome war on Old Man John Yawn and his half-brother, Jim Grouch.

Our little monthly periodical goes by Uncle Sam's mail as second-class matter and I would like to have every critic of the small sized magazines peruse us carefully and compare us

with some which go by express and with which Whiz Bang seems to be confused—passing judgment *after* such perusal and not *before*.

To be candid, it is your Uncle Billy's humble opinion that the person who cannot forget poverty and pain over the pages of our dispenser of farmyard foolishness is on the road to the madhouse.

* * *

SIMULTANEOUSLY with the appearance on the news stands of this copy of *Whiz Bang* will appear the first issue of *True Confessions*, another child of the family—a baby brother to Whiz Bang.

As a loving father I cannot afford to show any partiality toward either of my children; but *Whiz Bang* now has outgrown its babyhood, while *True Confessions* still is in its swaddling clothes. Besides, it is only natural, and surely pardonable, for a parent to exhibit pride, not unmixed with curiosity, when he receives an addition to his family.

he ghost of Hamlet's father confessed he could a tale unfold whose lightest word would harrow up the soul, freeze young blood, make eyes, like stars, start from their spheres, and make each particular hair to stand on end like quills upon the fretful porcupine; but then declared, "I am forbid to tell the secrets of my prison-house * * * to ears of flesh and blood."

-- Undoubtedly the readers of *True Confes-*

sions have stories equally thrilling which they may tell without fear that some bony finger will reach up from the grave and press their lips into silence.

Therefore I cordially invite the readers of *Whiz Bang* to try their hands at unfolding their own tales of unusual experiences and become contributors to as well as readers of *True Confessions*.

* * *

MARVELOUS things are promised for us farmers with the practical development of radio dynamics. According to John Hays Hammond, Jr., we will soon be milking the cows, bedding down the Pomeranians, setting the guinea hens and plowing the south 40 by means of the invisible reins from the heavens.

It will be the bantam rooster's left tonsil—as the vaudeville jokesters say—when Olaf, my ploughboy, can sit on the fence beside a can of snoose and tell the gang-plow where to head in merely by doing a little table tapping on the barb wire with a 20-penny spike.

The possibilities of ether vibration also are great in the way of bringing music, instruction and oratory to the hayseed's fireside. I can picture Maggie, the cook, Ikey and Olaf and the rest of my hand-assorted farm folk and parchesi players gathered around a wireless trumpet after the noon lunch listening to a dramatic reading of a Sears-Roebuck catalog

or a song "When the Corn Harvest Is Blooming," written by some famous chiroprapist.

Unless the scientists have been looking too long at the moon, this radio business will make old-fashioned agriculture look like one of Paine's ring-tail spasms. Home life on the farm will be something besides Maggie grabbing two brooms like a pair of oars and rowing herself through lakes of farmyard fungi, flanked by milk pails, dirty overalls, feather dusters and other implements of comfort destruction.

All that will be done by wireless as soon as the weather gets cool enough for the radio experts to think without getting palpitation of the antennae.

I have never bragged much about my rural Robbinsdale bungalow since I came back from my trip to the West Coast last fall. Out in Los Angeles I spent an evening with my oil friend, Robert Henderson, in his Los Angeles mansion and Bob has the finest layout I have ever seen. As I sunk up to my shoe tops in Turkish rugs I couldn't help but admire the Japanese for wanting to come over and pick the currants out of our cake. However, even if we simple country folk don't have fountains in the sun room and statues of Pan playing a saxophone solo on a thermos bottle stuck around in our front parlors—home is where your heart is. This wireless business ought to bring the Whiz Bang farm closer to Robbinsdale and that in itself

is enough to make my farmyard domicile sparkle like an effervescent bottle of apple juice.

What is prettier to look at than that? You don't have to drink it.

Wherefore, I say, bring on the radio plowing; the radio-furnace and the self-cranking ouija boards even though it does mean midnight recitals by amateur radio reserves, combined with national casket makers' statistics and interpolated remarks by W. J. Bryan on "The Office Socks the Man."

* * *

AFTER a dame has paid eight bucks for a pair of stockings, you can't blame her for showing \$7.50 worth of them.

* * *

AN INDIAN from the Leech Lake Reservation near Breezy Point recently toted a winsome copper-colored maiden to the sky-pilot at Pequot to get married. The minister asked the bride-to-be if her "big chief" had any property. Her answer was:

"Nothing."

"And you, are you any better off?"

Again a negative reply.

"Then what on earth do you want to get married for?" queried the reverend gentleman.

"Him got blanket. Me got blanket. Too damn cold sleep one blanket."

WITH the advent of summer the farm and woodland warblers are in full song. Which probably is why I met Olaf coming around the house the other night. "What have you been doing there?" I asked my Swedish Svengali. "Listening," replied Olaf. "At what?" "Listening to the cook 'Oo' was Olaf's quite unanswerable explanation. If there were any cooks-ooing about at that time of the night they should have been in their cook-oo clocks getting some sleep.

It has struck me, anyway, that the cook-ooos and the buzzing and feathered folk have an exaggerated idea of when the day begins. Long before dawn the cocks start the morning symphony with their lusty crowing. This seems to awaken envy in all the melody makers. You hear the br-r-r of the flicker; the blackbird follows with his liquid music; the jolly little wren is on hand with his morning twitter; the blue-winged jay softens his call a little to welcome the daybreak, while in the background there echoes the busy chirp of the ever-present sparrow and the soft melody of another wonderful bird, Pedro junior, calling to his twenty wives.

That little pest, the mosquito, is up so early he meets himself going to bed. My Irish farm hand, Ikey, has the mosquito itch so badly that I noticed when he was eating Maggie's hot cakes the other morning he scratched his cakes and poured the syrup down his back. Ikey must have been out listening to the cook-ooos,

also, or else the Robbinsdale mosquitoes have special relish for kosher meat. Anyway, his nose folds up now like a patent golf bag carrier and his eyes look like wormholes in a snow drift. He blames his Scotch plaid expression partially on the mosquitoes and partly on Neighbor Sol Markee's 22-year-old son, Alf. Alfred came over disguised as an alms giver on a food train and hornswaggled Ikey into a \$10 bet on his game cock against Neighbor Markee's pet eagle.

According to Ikey's description of the fight by rounds, the first went to the eagle by the flick of a talon. In the second the eagle knocked Ikey's entry for a row of hand-painted chicken coops and after he had him down he bit one of the game cock's feet off. Ikey lost his \$10 and his rooster is out a foot. That explains why my farm-hand is madder than a woodpecker on a marble tree and why his disposition squeaks like a dry axel.

* * *

THE night after the game cock incident Tom Howard, of the Howard Lumber Company, Robbinsdale, dropped in for a round of bridge and Ikey was invited to make a fourth. Heart being led, he threw away a club.

"Failing?" asked Tom Howard, his partner.

"Don't drag in business," retorted my Hebrew hay handler.

JAMES J. JEFFRIES' and Dick Ferris' new religion is certainly liberal enough, with wine, tobacco and dancing allowed. Now if only they will announce "no collections," the empty church problem will be solved.

Here's hoping Whiz Bang readers will soon address me as "Apostle Bill." My application for Minnesota Apostolic appointment is waiting approval of Messrs. Jeffries and Ferris, et al.

* * *

A MINNEAPOLIS clothier is advertising suits for small boys "with the pants cut wide at the bottom 'flapper style.'" If it hadn't been for the advertisement some of us hicks from the farms and small towns wouldn't know to this day just what kind the flappers are wearing.

* * *

WE ARE contemplating a boxing tournament on our farm with a "beautiful lamp" as a trophy.

* * *

THE modern American college should be given credit for teaching our young men the proper system for asking for money from home in such a diplomatic manner that we old codgers consider it an honor to give it to them.

* * *

IT MAY be called a hair net but a lot of poor fish get caught in it.

ONE of my Whiz Bang friends writes in a request that I publish a toast. She doesn't specify her subject but here goes: "Here's to the tears of friendship. May they crystallize in falling over cheeks and be worn as jewels on the breasts of those we love and be handed down as heirlooms to bring memories to the hearts of children yet unborn."

* * *

OUR second neighbor down the road, Deacon Callahan, isn't slow even if he has been following a cultivator most of his life. Deacon was going to New York, his first visit in many years. I volunteered to tell him what he ought to see.

"Never mind about that," replied the Deacon. "Tell me what I ought not to see."

* * *

THE English are outspoken people—both men and women. Says one English paper, the Evening Carmelite: "Old Catton (Norfolk) Women's Institute had a lively discussion of 'Long vs. Short Skirts' and on a vote being taken only one hand went up for long skirts."

It is when hands go up that the popularity of the short skirt becomes evident.

Lady Diana Manners sums up the same skirt controversy in the Winning Post (London) in one deathless sentence: "If you ask me what should be the length of the skirt, you must first tell me what you are going to do in it."

XX So—here's to Mary and her skirt, in summer white as snow; and every limb that Mary has, we hope that skirt will show.

* * *

A MONG recent welcome visitors at the Whiz Bang farm was Lee W. Woodmansee, of Spokane, who distributes Whiz Bangs for us in several Coast states. According to Brer Woodmansee, folk don't like to read heavy stuff during the summer months. In other words, they don't like to think. In the summer, publishers put out nice, cool books with B. V. D. plots containing well ventilated characters—just right for flapper's fiancé in a hammock.

The average plot for a summer novel reads something like this: Algernon Gibson, worthless and handsome son of a rich father, has a stiff argument with an undertaker as to whether a baby sees milk snakes as a result of excessive drinking. They end in a clinch; the undertaker falls down a 243-foot well, climbs up a silk thread and has Algernon arrested. Algy immediately falls in love with the judge's daughter; they elope in one of Dick Ferris' Black and White taxis and are wrecked on the South Sea Islands. Algy finds a marriage license in a box of cracker jack and they are wedded in an aeroplane. The Examiner artist immediately gets a photo showing Algy sitting on a velvet covered beer keg, while Minnie stands blushing at his side reading the August

Whiz Bang. At this juncture a Northwest Mounted policeman finds them and they are about to hang most of Algernon's neck to a palm olive tree when suddenly—Boom! Boom! Boom!

It is the Battleship Arostook, Skipper Douglas in command.

Boys, we are saved.

The best thing about a summer book is that it is easy to close.

* * *

A MOUTH to be wide enough for comfort in a kiss should extend exactly from the point where the upper and lower lips meet on the side to a point where the upper and lower lips meet on the other side.

* * *

I F a cup is the same as a mug and a mug is the same as a face—I know a girl who has a very pretty loving cup.

* * *

W HILE on the subject of red flannelly romances, I have been reading with interest Margot Asquith's reminiscences of her American tour, just completed. A New York firm is syndicating it throughout the country. Margot's stuff gives me a quite a kick. Speaking of her visit to St. Louis she writes:

"We were met at St. Louis Station by a vast crowd of photographers, reporters—male and female—and the mayor, a grand fellow, called

Henry W. Kiel. He motored me to the Hotel Statler, where my rooms were full of roses, and, in spite of an iron bed, we were more than comfortable."

It is hoped that Mrs. Kiel believes in the Japanese proverb: See no Evil, Speak no Evil, Hear no Evil.

* * *

It's Not So at Robbinsdale

A salesman sold a bill of goods to a merchant in a small town. They were returned as not satisfactory. The wholesale house undertook to collect anyway, and drew a sight draft on the bank at the customer's town. The bank returned the draft unpaid. Then the house wrote to the village postmaster and asked if the merchant was good for the amount of the bill. The letter was returned O. K.'d at the bottom. Next the postmaster was asked to put the bill in the hands of a local lawyer for collection. The answer received by the wholesalers ran as follows: "The undersigned is the merchant on whom you tried to palm off your worthless junk. The undersigned is also president of the bank that returned your draft. The undersigned is the postmaster to whom you wrote, and also the lawyer whom you tried to get to collect your bill. And if the undersigned were not also the pastor of the local church, the undersigned would tell you to go plum to hell."

Have You Ever Been In This Town?

"There haven't been no automobiles violating the speed limit for over a week," said Chief Blowberger of the Robbinsdale police force, consisting of himself. "What shall I do?"

"Arrange to lower the speed limit," replied Tom Howard, village president.

* * *

Well, What's the Difference Anyway?

SHE

*"Where's my quart of carpet cleanser,
That I put on the shelf?"*

HE

*"You should label bottles, 'dear,
I thought 'twas booze, and helped myself!"*

* * *

Sweet Essence of Perfume

A duck and a frog and a pole cat, they say,
Started to town for a circus one day;
The frog and the duck paid the price and went
in,
But the cat went on home without seeing a
thing.

The frog had a greenback and so was in luck—
The showman accepted a bill from the duck;
But poor Mr. Polecat no ticket he had,
For he'd only one cent and that one was bad.

* * *

Touching Truth

A cautious lover will never sit in a hammock with his sweetheart; he knows everything is against him.

Questions and Answers

Dear Captain Billy—One of the boys in my boarding house is always humming the following words: "Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams; Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams; Mary Ann McCarthy, she went out to dig some clams, but she didn't get a — — — clam." Can you supply the missing words?—**Molly, Minister's Daughter.**

No, we never have heard them. However, we hereby offer a prize of a sixteen-jewel garden rake to the person who will tip the secret off tamally.

* * *

Dear Doctor Billy—My darling wife is sick. If she dies, what shall I do?—**Heartbroken Hal.**
Bury her.

* * *

Dear Farmer Bill—What word rhymes with "zephyr," please?—**Poetical Polly.**

Your query has been referred to Rosebud, our Hereford cow.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Will you please tell me if the quotation "No, I won't sit at the table

with that city chap—he ain't done right by our Nell" is from Way Down East or Orphans of the Storm?—*Miss Dolly Varden.*

The words were used by the District Attorney at Los Angeles in "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Who was Helen of Troy?—*College Lawss.*

We have answered this before. She is the wife of the Arrow Collar man.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What is your definition of an optimist?—*E. N. Hayle.*

An optimist is a cross-eyed man who is thankful that he is not bow-legged, knock-kneed and hair-lipped.

* * *

Dear Captain Bill—I saw in a magazine the other day the expression "back in the year 1914 B. V. D." What does B. V. D. mean?—*Sammy Unterweyer.*

Presumably it means "Before the Volstead Disaster."

* * *

Dear Captain—Could you publish the pictures of some rare birds I have stuffed and mounted in my travels?—*Taxidermist.*

We do not publish photographs.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—What do you think people would say if I took up amateur theatri-

cals and appeared in tights?—*Marguerita.*

We have never seen you but probably they would say that your husband married you for your money.

* * *

Dear Captain Billy—Can you tell me where I can get a pair of golf stockings?—*Jack O. Lantern.*

Wear a pair old socks until you get eighteen holes in them.

* * *

Dear Billy—Do diamonds come from oysters?—*Miss Vege Tibbles.*

No! Pearls come from oysters and diamonds usually from some poor fish.

* * *

So Would You!

A maiden, who wrote of big cities
Some songs full of love, fun and pities,
Sold her stuff at the shop
Of a musical wop,
Who played all her soft little ditties.

* * *

Caller: "Is my wife home?"

Maid: "Who may I say called?"

* * *

But Well Taken Care of

First traveling man—"And what is your home state?"

Second traveling man, with a sigh—"Very poor. My wife has nine children and we live next to a fire house.

Nutty Novels

"Great Caesar's Ghost" by A. Knight Walker.

"Some Fuel There Was" by Woodyard Kindling.

"The Shriek" by Ima Howell.

"The Old Swimming-hole" by Belle E. Flop.

* * *

Our Geography Lesson

Speaking of mountains, a flapper's dress reminds of the Alps—highest in the world and of the well-known Spanish hills—the Pyranees.

* * *

He swore that nothing—ere—could tear her from his side,

But as he spoke the hammock broke,

And then, she knew he lied.

* * *

Sneeze This

If a Hottentot taught a Hottentot tot,

To talk ere the tot could totter,

Ought the poor Hottentot tot

To be taught to say naught,

Or aught or what ought to be taught her?

If to hoot and to toot a Hottentot tot,

Be taught by a Hottentot tutor,

Should he tooter get hot

If the poor Hottentot tot,

Hoot and toot at the Hottentot tutor.

* * *

"Well, that's all over," said Olaf, as he finished spreading the fertilizer.

Our Celluloid Cynic

IT HAS been repeatedly reported out Hollywood way that Billy Joy, brother of the well-known Lasky star, Leatrice Joy, and a director now in his own comedy company, is going to marry Virginia Fox. Most unfortunately, every time the Los Angeles papers have printed the rumor, Billy has just happened to be out dining with parties of friends, said parties not including Virginia. Billy says "No" to queries, but with reservations—for he manages to get the idea over you know that the women just can't help getting serious over him.

Anyhow, whether the two are engaged or not, Billy is very, very thoughtful in looking after Virginia's business interests. Buster Keaton recently gave Virginia \$2,000 as a birthday present. Oh, heavens now, don't get things mixed up. Buster is perfectly wild over his bride, Natalie Talmadge Keaton, and only sent the gift to Virginia as an appreciation of her long service with him as leading lady.

Now, as I said before, Billy is very solicitous of Virginia's welfare, so he thought and thought what it was best she should do with her new present and finally decided upon

the purchase of a Buick coupe for her. Thoughtful of Billy, wasn't it, and now you can see him riding about almost any day helping Virginia shop, et cetera.

* * *

BARBARA LE MAR, motion picture actress, has sued her husband, Ben Deely, for divorce. Barbara's whole name is Barbara Le Mar-Watson-Ainsworth-Lytell-Converse-Deely, each hyphen standing for a husband.

* * *

A PRESS agent's story says that Wallace Reid is no poker shark, but we were inclined to believe that Wallie has held some pretty hands in his day.

Then there is the case of Al Semnacher. Al says he doesn't hit the flowing bowl—least of all in Tia Juana—thereby showing good judgment as anyone will attest who has sampled the booze in the joints at Coffroth town.

* * *

SWEET sixteen is indeed delightful! Girls have just discarded their dolls, lengthened their skirts a bit and begun to train a Janice Meredith curl or a bob. Mother plans a coming out party in order to turn little daughter into a debutante. It's all too innocent and sweet to be a minor.

Now, Mildred Harris Chaplin is a minor. Maybe you didn't know, but she is. The fact

didn't come out until horrid Henri Bendel, the New York importer, sued Mildred for a \$2,500 gown and some lingerie which she bought in 1920. Mildred only paid \$100 cash for the garments. Henri has been very annoying, presenting his bill over and over again. Mildred doesn't have to pay it, of course. Her lawyer alleged she is a minor and therefore not liable for debt. Perfectly simple! Back to the rag dolls, Mildred!

* * *

ISADORE DUNCAN, the original high priestess of the barefoot dance, has just married a Russian poet, twenty-seven years of age. Miss Duncan is well into her forties.

The life of this dancer has been filled with romance and tragedy. No record or nuptials between Miss Duncan and Gordon Craig, a son of Ellen Terry, were ever recorded, but it is known that a romance existed between the two for a number of years, for three children were born of that union. In 1913 two of the children, Patrick, aged six, and Doody, aged three, were drowned in the River Seine when an automobile in which they were riding plunged off the Pont de Neuilly, just outside of Paris. One child survived the tragedy.

In 1921 Miss Duncan's name was mentioned in an action for alienation of affections in which she was mentioned as a love pirate in her relations with a married man.

A year ago, a millionaire "angel" withdrew

his support of Miss Duncan's school in Paris. She then went to Moscow, where she became enamored of the Soviet ideals. It is said she danced, barefooted and barelegged under Lenine's window, while Lenine himself looked out with great approval.

The young groom of the dancer is Serge Esenin, considered one of the most gifted of the younger Russian poets of today.

* * *

WHEN the charge of bigamy was brought against Valentino the records of other stage stars were searched by the authorities. Henry B. Walthall was included in the list. Five years ago Walthall was divorced by Isabelle Fenton, an actress, in Chicago, and five days later he married his leading lady.

* * *

MOLLIE KING, former bright light in the movies, has involved herself in difficulties—all because she craved publicity.

The Fitzgerald Manufacturing Company of Vermont, thought it would help push the Star Vibrator sales if Mollie's pictures were used in connection with their advertising campaign. For the exclusive use of her photos, testimonial and facsimile signature for one year, they gave her \$1,000 in pin money.

It looked so easy that Mollie went right ahead and contracted to help the Richardson-Wells Company sell Diamond Dyes and to

blazon her name before the displays of silken things put out by the Johnson Cowdin Co.

Now, the makers of the Star have sent a vibration back to Mollie in the form of a suit in which she is asked to dig up \$2,848.04 for breach of contract.

* * *

IS HAROLD LLOYD soon to wed his leading lady, Mildred Davis? Mildred is wearing a diamond ring which she says was sent to her by her father, but Whiz Bang's store detective reports that Harold purchased said ring.

Harold calls at Mildred's pretty home in Hollywood often, where she lives with her parents and little brother, Jack. And Mildred often goes to Harold's home, too, where he lives with his father, brother and sister-in-law. And when Lloyd went east last summer, Mildred and her mother went, too, and they had a delightful time being entertained by scores of New Yorkers.

Miss Davis has been Harold Lloyd's leading lady for the past three years and Hollywood believes their friendship has ripened into love.

* * *

ACTORS or directors in Hollywood can now be bonded against defalcations in virtue in the same manner as cashiers are bonded against defalcation in money. The Arbuckle case made this odd new financial procedure a reality.

"Ain't" Love Just Grand?

It was the glorious Autumn, but it was windy and dusty, and the dust beat mercilessly into their faces, as the young man and maiden turned the corner of the street.

"Did you get any in your eyes, darling?" he asked fondly, drawing her closely to him.

"Yes, sweetheart," she murmured, searching for her elusive handkerchief.

"Which eye, beloved?" he pressed.

"The right one, love! Did you get any in yours?"

"Yes, dear heart!" he responded, using the same corner of the handkerchief that she had used.

"How sweet!" she exclaimed. "And yours was in the right eye, too?"

"Yes, dearest."

"Ah," she thrilled, "do you suppose that it could have been part of the same piece of dust that got in our eyes?"

"I hope it was!" he exclaimed fervently, blinking a pleasurable beam with his good eye.

"Wouldn't it be lovely, love?" she cried.

"Oh, love, wouldn't it?" he wriggled.

And the wind howled as though in pain, and from the house opposite a "Votes for Women" signboard fell with a sickening crash upon the sidewalk.

* * *

Sign suggested for a Deaf and Dumb Asylum: In case of fire, ring the dumb bells.

Pasture Pot Pourri

Aphorism of An Addict

"Dope deferred maketh the heart sick."

* * *

*Count that morning lost on which no motor car is found
having committed suicide from loss of self respect on the way
home from a "chicken dinner" roadhouse.*

* * *

Buggy, Buggy!

"Step on it, chauffeur," said the old lady, as the beetle crawled
out from under the seat.

* * *

"Beautiful faces need beautiful clothes":

That is the way the ballad goes;

But one may add to it, I suppose,

"Beautiful ankles need beautiful hose."

* * *

*Suggested motto for drug cure institute:
"Abandon dope all ye that enter here."*

* * *

Touching this question of long skirts vs. short skirts,
Lewis Baumer seems to have put a clincher on the whole
discussion with his trenchant pronouncement, "It's a ques-
tion of what's in the skirt."

* * *

The laziest man I ever heard of was the one
who said "Whoa-back, get-up" when currying
off a mule.

Reel Honor and Real

Muriel Milford, the beautiful movie actress, was being filmed in her latest picture play, "Her Honor Above Everything." It was a strong production. At the end of part three where the beautiful actress stood with automatic pistol leveled at the villain and cried: "Advance one step and I will kill you. I hold my hon-or above ev-ery-thing!" she fairly out-did herself. Her acting was very realistic.

The director told her so later as they sat in her apartment.

* * *

XX
Little Willie, mean as zell,
Pushed his sister in the well,
Mother said, in drawing water,
"My, it's hard to raise a daughter."

* * *

Try a Step-Ladder

Mabel—Jack, if a girl kissed you what would you do?

Jack—Kiss her back, of course.

Mabel—Suppose she were a tall girl?

* * *

Sect Stuff

The flea and the fly were out for a stroll,
 Said the flea: "Let us fly."
 Said the fly: "Let us flee."
 They flipped up for it,
 The coin stood on edge,
 So they went back home.

—Oh piffle.

* * *

Copy of telegram received at Army Headquarters;
 "Please extend my A. W. O. L. ten days."

Calgary Society Notes

Oliver T. Musgrove, prominent in local business circles, distinguished himself last Sunday morning, while people were wending their way to church, by climbing the flagpole in Central Park and standing on his head at the top, waving his legs in the air. Mike McCool, the bootlegger, who supplied him with the whiskey, was fined \$500 and costs.

H. H. Hull, secretary of the Social Service League, was a visitor to Calgary last week. A guard of honor, composed of the Rev. Bishop's local stool-pigeons, was drawn up at the depot on his arrival. Mr. Hull later promised the indignant railroad officials to have the platform and premises thoroughly disinfected.

The city of Calgary has been sued by Miss Susie Golightly for the sum of \$7.50, compensation for loss sustained through defective paving. Miss Golightly stubbed her toe in an open crack last Tuesday, and in stumbling forward a bottle of Glen McSquirrel (case goods) fell out of her muff and was shattered to pieces on the asphalt pavement.

* * *

*No one sees a big hole in a little girl's stocking, but
Oh, my, a little hole in a big girl's stocking.*

* * *

A Powder Poem

A woman is queer, there's no doubt at that.
She hates to be thin and she hates to be fat.
One minute it's laughter, the next it's a cry.
You can't understand her, however, you try.
But there's one thing about her that everyone knows—
A woman's not dressed till she powders her nose.

* * *

Consider the chorus girl, how hard she works! Yet
often she does not earn enough to keep body and motor-car
together!

* * *

*"That bane a yoke on me," said the Swede as the egg
splattered down his shirt-front.*

* * *

Monthly One Word Sermon

Witcherbelliakin.

* * *

This is a dirty trick said the frog, turning a flip in
the mud.

* * *

People are just dying to ride in a hearse.

Perils of the Bar

A prominent lawyer and his wife were promenading one evening recently when they saw approaching them a woman with peroxide tresses and brazenness written on every feature. The lawyer, scared to death when he saw that this flamboyant creature was bent on speaking, tried tacking to one side to elude her. In vain! She caught his eye and held it as if she were some Ancient Mariner. He had to raise his hat.

"Did you know that creature" demanded his irate spouse in a grating voice.

"Ye-yes, darling; professionally."

"Your profession?"

* * *

Bare Banter!

Her—I don't believe we saw the original dancer of "seven veils" at all.

Hern—Of course not. But wasn't it a good take-off.

* * *

Ayes Have It

When a corn-fed girl sits down in a street car and leaves her skirt hoisted half way up to her knee, you can't find a blame thing to read in your newspaper.

* * *

*"At Palm Beach," said mother to a daughter,
I hope you'll show pride while down at the water;
For I heard yesterday,
In a round about way,
That you really showed more than you oughter."*

* * *

Whether it's castor oil, trouble, or twins, the supply always exceeds the demand.

In Haiti

I came to Haiti when things were bad,
And the Cacos were running amuck;
My boat come in but I loved my gin,
And it sailed away while I stuck.

The lure of the tropics has got me now,
It's dragged me down in shame,
And I curse the day that my boat sailed away
And I stayed to play the game.

And when you're back to the white man's land,
You think that you'll soon be well;
But the work is done, you're a broken "bum"
And the rest of your life is h——l.

So boys take heed from what I say,
For I'm telling you what is straight;
You'll lose your sight for the things that are right
And once you're down it's too late.

* * *

Rubaiyat of Robbinsdale

It's a long lane that has no parked automobile.

* * *

Be a good loser but don't make it a habit.

* * *

Some men are so impecunious they use their
palm beach suit for pajamas in the winter time.

* * *

*Why should the good die young when they never buy any
stuff from the bootleggers?*

* * *

Olaf has a suit for every day in the week—
his overalls.

* * *

"This is a stiff piece," remarked the organist at the funeral.

* * *

She—I'm simply wild about a yacht.

He—Er, how do you act on a motor boat?

Whiz Bang Editorials

"The Bull is Mightier Than the Bullet."

BECAUSE she professed to see in the cynical verses of Omar Khayyam "the promise of a happy spiritual existence hereafter," an Atlantic City woman killed herself and her three children. The stanza which prompted her tragic deed and which she quoted not quite correctly to her husband in her farewell note, is this:

*Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
Were't it not a Shame?
Were't it not a Shame for Him
In this clay carcass crippled to abide?*

If she read hope for immortality in these lines, she did not read understandingly. The "if" in this stanza, as in all of Omar, is the important word.

He declares over and over again that the after life is the one "Door to which I found no key." And he represents himself as traversing the whole field of knowledge in his search. He therefore regards it a waste of time to attempt

to unravel this "the Master-knot of Human Fate." He becomes a thoroughgoing Epicurean:

*Perplext no more with Human or Divine,
Tomorrow's tangle to the winds resign,
And lose your fingers in the tresses of
The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.*

The "one thing certain" to him while "the rest is lies," is that "The Flower that once has blown forever dies." He sees the individual, body and all, reabsorbed into the earth from which it came. Perchance though, and here is Omar's faint hope of the after life, the ashes of one's body may fertilze a flower or a vine, which in turn may be noticed by an individual who still is alive. No, Omar is the prophet of mortality, not of immortality.

* * *

THREE attempts have been made by the Toronto publishers of Canadian novels to get the phrase "robe de nuit" into the story, but each time it has been set up "robe de unit." Evidently the compositors were under the impression that a robe de unit was some sort of union suit.

* * *

WHEN we all learn to abandon the race-horse mental goose-step of misthinking and adopt the pace of harmonious constructive reasoning, we shall all be on the trail to defer our swan songs.

“THE average American,” says W. L. George, famous English novelist, “is as passive to news and picture censorship as to prohibition.”

But Mr. George's idea of an “average American” is something like this:

- 1—A man who wears a dozen or more lodge pins and liberty-bond buttons on his coat.
- 2—Who calls all Pullman porters “George.”
- 3—Is fond of such vaudeville as “Who-was-that-lady-I-seen-you with? That-wasn't-no-lady-that-was-my-wife.”
- 4—Grabs the end seat at a moving picture theater.
- 5—Buys an afternoon paper just for the baseball scores.
- 6—Speaks of his wife as the “wiff,” or the “old lady,” or “mamma.”
- 7—Tells you not to take any wooden nickels.
- 8—Buys limp leather editions of the Life of Cromwell, in eleven volumes, a dollar down, a dollar forever.
- 9—Has the sign “Work like Helen B. Happy” tacked up over his desk.
- 10—And makes a loud smack when two lovers fall into a prolonged kiss on the screen.

Our idea is slightly different, for Mr. George's conception of the “average American” is the “average American's conception of the perfect dub.”

It is he who is passive to censorship.

SHE was a beautiful golden haired Goddess in form; but her sins were seventy times seven. The trail she had traveled had been edged with primroses and poppy flowers until it neared the end, where it became very unlovely. And this night she sat beside me in a wattled house of—well, you know.

"I ain't never been one of those shut-in dolls before," she said. "But I've done the very best I could. I've been as good and done as well as men would let me. They have lied and lied to me and I suppose they couldn't help it sometimes, but it made things bad for me a lot."

* * *

ACCORDING to Miss Beatrice Grimshaw, the intrepid traveler among the Papuan cannibals, in New Guinea a girl can be bought for seven pigs. But, of course, they are not the size of the pigs that are hand-raised on the Whiz Bang farm.

* * *

THERE are about us a class of moral prigs who boast of the fact that they always tell the truth. I would rather be damned for telling a kindly lie and saving a heart from bitterness, than saved for telling a cruel truth. I am not exploiting the liar. He is a scourge. I am damning the ten-caliber, putrid-moral aristocrat. Vitality is goodness and truthfulness. To burn the spark of your life so that people and all things radiate toward you and warm their hearts in the wake of your love

and personality, that is goodness and virtue, and truthfulness. All else is flagrant display and that is inane vice.

* * *

HARPS and halos or horns and hoofs, which will you choose? Both have their price. There is joy in both and sorrow in both. But in one there is never stupidity.

* * *

THE joy you have never had turns to bitterness in your thoughts. You suffer after and not before a temptation. But whosoever hath drunk shall forever be athirst. Some drink from the cup of love and lose the hand that held the cup. He shall drink nevermore. He shall be thirsty evermore.

* * *

OLAF CONNER, one of the directors of the Security Bank of Robbinsdale, suggests that to keep people correctly informed in these days of rapid divorce and re-marriage, there should be produced an annual volume to be called "Who's Whose."

But what's the good of an annual?

* * *

YOU are incapable of creating a desire, which you are incapable of fulfilling.

* * *

An amateur singer always loses his friends before he loses his voice.

Smokehouse Poetry

Whiz Bang has had inquiries from many of its readers concerning old songs of the great outdoors; poetry and ballads sung by sourdoughs and sailors, cowboys, pioneers, miners, hoboes and lumberjacks. From time to time we have published chanteys that will go ringing down the ages. We would like to have some of our kind friends keep a weather eye out for any of the following masterpieces for use in our old Smokehouse corner:

"The Bob-tailed Cannon-ball"; "The Wabash Cannon-ball"; "Some Going East—Some Going West"; "Sleeping in a Box-car"; "Bound Away in the Twilight"; "I Want to Be An Injun: A Modoc or a Ute"; "Billy Leamont"; "The Water-tank"; "The Devil's Ride"; "No More I'll Go A-Roving and Pack My Blankets 'Round—I'll Build Myself a Cabin on the Banks of Puget Sound"; "Jake Lannigan's Wake"; "A Wine of Wizardry by George Sterling"; "The Last Hymn"; "The Prisoner at the Bar"; "The Selectmen of New England."

* * *

Paraphrased Piffle

My name is Captain Billy,
 And one night
 I asked her,
 If I could kiss her once or twice.
 She looked at me,
 And then I heard her softly coo—
 And say in French:
 "Oh, Billet-doux."

The following poem "Solace" was written by a prisoner in the Nebraska State Penitentiary. His pen name (pardon the pun) is No. 6808. "I am writing a book of poems during my incarceration here and hope to find a publisher when I get out," said No. 6808 in letter transmitting his poem to the Whiz Bang. "I wrote Solace for use in my book and I hope you like it. I have some good ones and some worse. Until I have shaken this 'hitch' I shall merely go by signature—No. 6808. Nod to Nicollet Avenue and say 'hello' to Hennepin for me."—The Editor.

I woo the witching muse of song
 To cheer my doleful days along,
 To heap my heart—that hungry thing—
 With music mystic chanters bring;
 To feed the flame of famished eyes
 On beauty that beyond me lies,
 To hide the hate that open dwells
 Behind these walls, within these cells.
 Through doubtful days of useless toil,
 When awesome auras around me coil;
 When mankind's inhumanity
 Makes me the mate of misery,—
 Through all the wrongs to right a wrong
 I woo the witching muse of song.

I've rift my soul with strokes of rhyme
 To sweeten sorrow "doing time":
 Amid the maze of prison din—
 Air vile with voice of standard sin,
 A victim of the vermin bites
 In deadlock days and deadlock nights—
 The choice was mine to curse or sing,
 Or knot a noose—kick stool and swing;
 Yet lo! I lift the loathsome load
 That downs men in this dim abode.
 To save me from a crimson crime,
 I've rift my soul with strokes of rhyme.

The nights, once long and lonely here,
 And fraught with fitful dreams of fear
 Are turned to tuneful reverie
 On life that was, and life to be.
 I've learned to love the loneliness
 Of patient hours the nights possess,

For while my cave-companions snore
I soothe my soul with lyric lore.
As sable streams of silence flows
Into my den of dream-repose,
I stretch my silver sail and glide
Across the foam to Fancyside.

* * *

In Memory of Pedro, the First

By K. F. Richards.

Dear Whiz Bang Bill, my heart is full
Of grief that you have lost your bull;
The only bull that your farm had,
Now all your widowed cows are sad.

Deep is the wail of beastly wife
To see her partner snatched from life;
But he—the husband of a score,
Ye gods, the grief is more and more.

A bull as noble, firm and fair
As that which aided Jove to bear
Europa from the flowery glade
Where she, amidst her maidens, played.

So get yourself a youthful beast,
That widowed eyes on him may feast.
And who to mourning cows may be
All that a Whiz Bang bull should be.

* * *

It Goes For the Sailor, Too

There was a young soldier, and he had a wooden leg;
Not a bit of work he landed, and no bonus could he beg;
And there was an old Country that was crafty as a fox,
And she always had spondulix in her old spondulix box.

Said the soldier to the Country, "will you give me a lift?"
Said the Country to the soldier, "stand aside or you'll get biffed;
If you'd saved up the dollar that I gave you ev'ry day,
You could have a wife and kiddies, and need no bonus pay."

—By Ermon Miland Peck

* * *

What is the diff,
If we all get a sniff,
Under the bamboo tree?

Ode to the Fag

Whiz Bang is in receipt of an "Ode to the Cigarette" sent in by Charles Wagner, a member of the Northwest Mounted Police at Edmonton. It was written during the war and helped stimulate donations to the Canadian tobacco fund. Excerpts are as follows:

When the cold is making ice cream of the marrow in your bones,
When you're shaking like a Jelly and your feet are dead as stones,
When your clothes and boots and blankets and your rifle and your
kit

Are soaked from hell to breakfast, and the dugout where you sit
Is leaking like a basket, and upon a muddy floor

The water lies in filthy pools, six inches deep or more;
Though life seems cold and dreary and all the world is wet,
You always get through somewhere, if you've got a cigarette.

When Fritz is starting something and his guns are on the bust,
When the parapet goes up in chunks, and settles down in dust,
When the roly-poly "rum jar" comes a-woofing through the air
Till it lands upon a dugout, and the dugout isn't there;
When the air is full of dust and smoke and scraps of steel and
noise,

And you think you're booked for golden crowns and other heav-
enly joys,

When your nerves are all a-tremble and your brain is all a-fret—
It isn't half as hopeless if you've got a cigarette.

* * *

Virtue a la Carte

It doesn't always follow that if Venus or Apollo

Or the nudes of Zulqaga are translated to the screen
That the censors so omniscient will consider that sufficient
Ground for passing on the picture as quite fitting to be seen.

Just because a Rembrandt etching is considered more than fetching,
Still the version in the movie might not meet with the accord
Of the movie picture censors, those infallible dispensers
Of morality—according to the Standards of the Board.

So this censorship committee shall prescribe to every city

Just the proper set of morals that the pictures shall afford.
They are trained in all that's flirty—they know vice—they know
what's dirty,
And they know by heart the rules they call the Standards of the
Board.

Modern Adam and Eve

Naughty young Eve, so handsome and fair
Strolled in the garden inhaling the air
When good Father Adam, lean, lithe and strong—
Though bashful and lazy—came trudging along.

"It's flatt'ring but true," was his curt retort,
When Eve called him "Sweetie" and "Red Hot Old Sport."
"I eat choicest fruit from the crab-apple tree
And I live all alone in the garden so free."

"Cheer up," said sly Eve with a cute, teasing smile;
Join in on our party and travel awhile."
She extended her hand and led him astray
To the place in the garden where fair fairies play.

The very next day at the quiet hour of ten
Poor Adam was chasing the fairies again;
He had eaten the fruit forbidden in Maine
But swore he regretted that Eve had raised cane.

Then Adam grew weary and started to roam
Leaving fair Eve and the baby at home;
And when little Cain asked, "Where's the old man?"
Eve answered "Pop 's dodging the Ku Klux Klan."

* * *

Why Is It?

On the beach the vamps and lizzards
Lie out flat on backs and gizzards,
Little on from AAs to Izzards,
As they gather coats of tan;
But I'll beg you to remember,
That when home on next September,
Clothes will cover ev'ry member
Of that bunch you freely scan.

On the beach the mysticism
Of a wondrous atavism
Strikes our eyes through Nature's prism
In the gayety about;
With the kick-ups and the prances
Of those puppy-like romances
Never will they take such chances,
When vacations peter out,

Plaint From the Underworld

By Edward S. Kern

Comes a cry from the night of the Under-World,
Like the moan of a thing in pain,
And it calls to the heart of the maid imperilled,
And to those of the spotless name.

How oft in the thick of the gathering gloom,
When the curtains of night are drawn,
Have the cries from the souls in some hell-lit room
Surged forth till the breaking dawn.

And to those who bask in the love-warmed home,
And to those who have never slipped,
Comes this plaint of despair that is like a groan,
Hard-wrung from the scarlet lipped.

"Oh, we are the folk of the Under-World,
We're the queens in the realms of Shame;
We were made for the sport of the soulless churl,
And we barter our souls for gain.

"Do you know that we dread your scornful nod
Like the cut of the slashing steel,
Or the stinging lash of the whip—Oh, God!
Do you think that we cannot feel?

"Do you give to us pity? Ah, no, instead,
You say when you pass us by—
('nd this with a sneer!) 'She has made her bed
in the gutter—so there let her lie.'

"And you never remember the hard, painted face,
Once betokened the fair, blameless miss!
One who stumbled early in Life's fatal race,
And was lured by the Judas-kiss."

So this is the tale that the night winds call—
(Maid or madam, do you harken to hear)
Though lofty your station, and fearful their fall,
You should lend them a listening ear.

And if God's' in high heaven—if heaven's above,
They pardoned will be though they fell.
What if they have sinned—remember they loved,
Not wisely, ah, no—but too well!

Yawps From New Yawk

THE Mickey Neilan-Blanche Sweet-Gloria Swanson triangle, which has been holding the undivided interest of the film gossips these past weeks, reached its ultimate climax when Mickey married Blanche in New York in mid-June.

Just how and why Mickey succumbed to the unrelenting wiles of Blanche is a tale untold. Suffice it to say that Neilan arrived from Europe several days ahead of Gloria. He wired an invitation of marriage across country to Blanche Sweet and they say that lady whimsically replied something like this:

"The heat must be terrific in New York. Starting East Tuesday."

Gloria and Blanche passed each other crossing country, one headed westward and the other towards New York.

Then the marriage.

Believe it or not, Micky is said to have received a gorgeous de luxe watch from Gloria before the ceremony. It is a crystal thing, hardly thicker than a sheet of paper, with an edging of platinum and diamonds. Through

the back one may observe the delicate works.

They say also that Mickey spent \$35,000 on his European trip. Most of it represented advances obtained on his "Wes" Barry contracts, secured by the simple expedient of accepting but fifty per cent of what would have been due him if he had waited.

* * *

THE ways of the film agents are in a class with Bret Harte's Heathen Chinees.

There is, for instance, the agent who discovered that Harold Bolster, husband of Madge Kennedy, and a Wall Streeter, had secured the rights to "Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall" for \$12,000 and that his plans for starring his wife were temporarily out of gear.

The agent knew that Mary Pickford had once been interested in the novel. So he wired Mary, offering her the book, although he had no earthly right to do it. Mary wired back in all good faith for the bed rock price. The agent—a Jewish gentleman—figured hurriedly and named \$50,000. Miss Pickford accepted in haste.

Then agent smiled to himself, closed the deal by wire and went to Mr. Bolster. "You're stuck with the story," he confided in kindly fashion. "I'll take it off your hands for what you paid for it." And he visioned a neat profit of \$38,000.

Bolster's training in Wall Street must have saved him. He considered.

The agent felt something slipping. He hurriedly interposed, "How about \$15,000?"

"My price is \$100,000," said Bolster.

The agent caught his breath—with an effort. He saw himself losing everything—including the good will of Mary Pickford. He figured hurriedly and decided it would be better to lose money than that.

"I'll give you \$60,000," he said faintly.

"Forget it," said Bolster pleasantly.

The agent is still trying to explain to everyone. Hearst is said to have later offered \$80,000 to Bolster but that gentleman clung to the story. Now he is going to produce it himself with his wife as Dorothy Vernon.

* * *

THEY tell all sorts of tales about William Randolph Hearst and his lavish methods of movie production.

Harken to this story of the making of "Get-Rich-Quick Wallingford."

The story was well along in progress of "shooting" when Hearst "sat in" at the projection room showing of some scenes.

Hearst noted that Sam Hardy, the Wallingford of the picture, wore a grey derby.

"I don't like that derby," said W. R. H. "Cut it out."

"But it will cost fearfully," the staff remonstrated. After Hearst departed they checked up on the cost of rebuilding the sets and reshooting all the grey derby scenes. Finally they went to the boss.

"It'll cost exactly \$60,000 to cut out Hardy's grey derby," they reported.

"Fine," said Hearst, "Go to it." They had to carry the technical experts out.

Which seems to put Hardy's hat into the class of the world's most expensive derby. Even the Kentucky derby was only worth something like \$55,000.

* * *

JUST now there's an epidemic of bathing girls—bless 'em—in the New York restaurants and cabarets. For instance, there is a new place, the Boardwalk, where "the original Hollywood Bathing Vamps" are featured. Search us about the *original*. Anyway, the vamps disport in a tank and tight fitting Kellermanns in front of the tables.

The Rendezvous has Gilda Grey, of the quivering shimmie architecture, and her "bathing beauties," who wander among the diners in pulchritude and snappy one-piece suits.

At the actual seaside resorts, the horny hand of the law has been showing itself. Only at Long Beach may the fair flapper affect one-piece suits with or without socks. This is the Sunday retreat of every metropolitan chorus girl and the revue of cuticle, unhampered from ankle to thigh by anything but tan, is a sight fit for the gods of Olympus. Why pay five dollars for a front row musical comedy seat when considerably less than two (for a railroad passage) takes you to Long Beach, where

beauty may be studied at first hand—or rather leg?

There are other optical sights, too. But we note the advertisement in the New York dailies of a thin dress through which the sun's rays are guaranteed not to penetrate. Someone is always taking the joy out of life!

* * *

GENEVE MITCHELL received the prize chorus girl publicity of the season after a party given in Boston, which ended with one "Last Waltz" chorine in the hospital and another badly injured. The chorus maidens claimed that two male brutes had playfully dropped 'em down a flight of stairs.

Geneva is the "pogo girl" who recently turned down a Harvard millionaire after she had married him, just to prove she didn't want his money. She was in Boston as a member of "Sally." Nobody knows exactly what happened but Geneva left the "Sally" cast and came back to New York, where she began giving out statements. From these we gather that the party took place in an apartment she had rented, but that it wasn't her party, that she didn't wear pajamas as had been alleged, but a fancy costume "like a pair of pajamas" that "came down to the knee," and that nothing happened anyway. Still the two "Last Waltz" chorines, yclept Eleanor Le Sar and Marie Levine, insist that something hit them—and that to the best

of their recollections it was the floor downstairs.

* * *

THE party did one thing! Marilyn Miller, the star of "Sally," announced right after it that she knew nothing of the affair, but that she is to marry Jack Pickford this summer. We'll believe that when it occurs. Right now we still cling to the belief that they were married last winter. Was it held secret because Marilyn's contract strictly forbid her to marry during its duration?

It was interesting to note a little announcement in the same newspapers that told of the Miller-Pickford engagement. This related of a sale of Olive Thomas' effects.

* * *

THEDA BARA is starting a return-to-the-screen photoplay, but friend husband, Charles Brabin, is *not* directing. Is there a rift in the marriage bliss? It seems that Theda and Charles simply couldn't agree at all on the story. So the eminent Mr. Brabin is to make a picture of his own and the until-recently-temperamental Theda begins to show a return to form by doing a story that suits her own little self.

Art and Cupid certainly do not go hand in hand!

* * *

A man may call a girl a little dear and yet prefer to have her a little bear.

Classified Ads and Such

This Is the Life!

(From the Whitewater, Wis., Register)

Miss Childs, Mrs Cott Hoch and Miss May Spencer, Edgerton's Lady Jeweler, drove over from Edgerton the first of the week to be fitted to Henderson Corsets at the White House Store.

* * *

Ochiltree Eatquette

(From Ochiltree, Tex., News)

Bogus Wilbanks, who has been laid up and is now at his home, is now on the mend. For several weeks he was unable to raise a knife to his mouth.

* * *

Grandpa Cracks Under the Strain

(From Paoli, Ind.)

The stork visited Irvin Trinkle Monday morning and presented him with a new son, all getting along fine except grandpa Sorrels, and he was able to hobble around on crutches this a. m.

* * *

"I Am For Men!"

(From the Livingston, Mont., Enterprise)

Wanted—Place where there is no women. To cook for men. Room 44, Hefferlin blk.

* * *

A Careless Dresser

(From the Denver News)

Lost—Monday, between Trinity church and Twentieth and Sherman streets, a Fillipino embroidered chemise. Please phone York 2557.

* * *

Southern Congeniality

(From the Williamston, S. C., News)

The friends of Mr. J. C. Wilson regret to learn that he is slowly recovering from a recent illness.

The Meek Shall Inherit

"NOTICE—I wish to thank the party who stole 11 grain sacks out of my wagon for leaving my team and wagon. J. A. Jones," Canton, Ill.

* * *

Too Late to Classify

"Scorn all except the perfect fathers when it comes to marriage." Charlotte Perkins Gilman.

* * *

Also Too Late

"For Sale—One first class tom cat."—Lewiston, Mont., Democrat News.

* * *

Beware of B. M.

(From the Valued Post)

G. L.—What is the cause of gas on the stomach?
lacUso...Opolbm bm bm bm bm bm.

* * *

Good Reporting

"Thirty women employes were vaccinated, three on the arm."—Kansas City Star.

* * *

Some Husband

(Headline, Plainview Review)

"Man and wife quarrel over soap while both are taking bath."

* * *

This Is the Naked Truth

(Headline New York Journal, May 23, 1922.)

"Haven't a shirt between us," says Countess Zichy.

* * *

An Ohio Opportunity

(From the Cleveland "News")

E. 82D, 2053—Better than good rooms, 1 twin bed; 1 single, every conv. Cedar 1115.

* * *

Unlooked For Candor

(From the Sandusky "Star Journal")

ODD PIECES or sets of old Mrs. Spreng, Rieger Hotel.

Any Other Games, Jack-O?

The moon was great, and they were all alone underneath it. They were very quiet—and then something slipped. It was his arm around her waist. He had a brainstorm. "Lib," he breathed, "you say you won't let me kiss you. I'll bet I can without touching you. I'll bet a dollar." (Careless youth.)

"I'll bet."

He kissed her right on the cheek, or somewhere.

"But you touched me," she yelped, not disappointedly.

"I know it. Here's your dollar."

* * *

Our Monthly Motto

Always keep in front of a mule and back of a gun.

* * *

At the Farm School

Tille is an old maid,
She tills the soil, you see;
Yet, while she's good at culture,
She's poor at husbandry.

* * *

Whiz Bang Philosophy

A baby doesn't know much, but father can't wear mother's nightgown and fool it.

* * *

Hayseed's Health Hint

Love your neighbor as yourself but don't let your wife catch on.

Flooter Wins This Argument

Little Mrs. Flooterpush had been reading with great interest the correspondence in a daily paper about husbands who are cross and morose at breakfast. The other morning, over the bacon and eggs, she ventured to tackle Flooterpush about his surly demeanor at the morning meal.

"You are the first who has ever complained," retorted F., sulkily.

* * *

If General Wood would come to Penn
What general good would Wood do then?

* * *

O Gosh!

A maiden was busily plucking
The silk from the corn she was sucking,
When along came a Jake,
As she sat by the lake,
And gave her one terrible ducking!

* * *

"Had a bust up with my girl last night, Jim, all through with her."

"How come, boy, thought you and she were inseparable?"

"We are, generally, but last night she said she couldn't stand me any longer!"

* * *

"A lass, a lass," said the old bachelor just before the wedding ceremony. He made the same remark afterwards.

* * *

A girl is a coward when she won't meet you face to face.

Hollywood Hodge Podge

IT IS reported that Arbuckle, the elephantine comedian, is broke. He has sold his Cadillac touring car to Buster Keaton and Cadillac speedster to Eddie Cline, Keaton's director. His Pierce Arrow, with all its "extras" worth \$24,000 is also for sale. His beautiful home on West Adams street is said to be deeded to Joseph Schenck as security for money advanced Fatty to finance his trials. Arbuckle is now visiting friends in Beverly Hills and "waiting for something to turn up."

* * *

WE HEAR that Fannie Ward and her husband, Jack Dean, are in Paris. When this noted actress was "doing" pictures in Hollywood several years ago, it is reported that she went through **one** of those surgical operations which "lift **one's** wrinkles up into the hair" and give an **old** face the contour of youth. Her face was enameled, too, 'tis said and we're here to affirm that when she went out with husband Jack, who is in his twenties, she looked younger than he! Fannie Ward, is well in her fifties, we are told, but even today, she looks younger and is more vivacious than

several sleepy-eyed ingenues we can think of!

If Fannie is having more things done to her face in Paris we'll expect to see her playing opposite Jackie Coogan when she returns!

* * *

CONNIE TALMADGE has been hurrying the judge about her divorce decree. She wants the parchment in her trunk before she sails for Europe the end of June. Going to hunt a count Connie?

* * *

FILM producers out west are still trying to avoid becoming enmeshed in the antics of their naughty boy actors. The Lasky corporation, it is said, refused to furnish bail for Valentino. Thomas Meighan and other close friends of Valentino furnished the necessary cash.

* * *

THREE matrimonial barks have hit the sands out Pacific Coast way.

Gladys Walton, Universal film star, is divorcing her husband, Frank R. Liddell, Jr., whom she married ~~at the~~ age of 17. Frank, she says, consistently chased parties and refused to work.

Priscilla Bonner who has played leads with Charlie Ray, Will Rogers, Jack Pickford and others, is divorcing her husband, Lieut. Allen Wyness, a writer. Miss Bonner was formerly a Chicago society girl, daughter of Captain

John Bonner who was on General Wood's staff.

Eleanor Dowler is divorcing Ervin Martin, art director for the Pickford-Fairbanks studios, having lived with said husband exactly one day. The wife claims that the drinkables passed around at a party given by Allan Dwan made her forget everything and that when she woke up she found she had married Martin.

* * *

JUST to prove how careless actors become with real money, Conway Tearle now announces he is broke. For years he has been one of the most successful leading men of the stage. His film salary was \$1,750 a week for four years. Conway saved "nuthin."

These facts all came out last week when Conway went into court in New York to ask that one of his ex-wives alimony be abolished as he couldn't pay it.

Tearle was first married to Josephine Park, who was awarded \$25 a week alimony. He next married Mrs. Robert Corwin-Menges-Hill who got no alimony. When Tearle began to earn big money in the films, Josephine pounced down upon him and asked for \$500 a week. Tearle married Adele Rowland about that time, so the courts decided that Adele had first claims and that Josephine should have only \$75 a week.

Now Tearle claims he can't pay \$75, or support Adele or take care of himself as he is out of a job.

Two years ago Tearle and Tommy Meighan

were voted the two favorite leading men in pictures. We know several greasy haired leading men of today who ought to make way for an actor like Tearle.

* * *

IT WAS rumored that Prince Mohammed Ali Ibrahim,, who recently came from Egypt to visit New York, was soon to wed Mabel Withee, Broadway musical star, the Prince having bestowed on Mabel a diamond platinum plaque valued at many thousands of dollars. However, it seems the King of the Pharoahs broke a date with Mabel recently and has been bestowing admiring glances elsewhere. It is said that the Prince is "sweet" on Mabel Normand, too, and that Mabel recently wired the Prince that she was soon coming east and "not to fall in love with anybody else before she arrived."

Mabel Normand always could smell diamonds from afar!

* * *

THE vogue for the swarthy hero is upon us. The clean minded young American engineer has been eclipsed. The two-fisted he-man, so quick with the trigger, is down and out. Heroes must be dark, foreign and not too good.

Rodolph Valentino started it all in "The Four Horsemen." Now Theodore Kosloff is growing in favor. Antonia Moreno, John Davidson (who is part Russian), Eric Von Stroheim

and Ramon Samaniego, a young Spaniard who promises to duplicate Valentino's success, are all the vogue. Whiz Bang's advice to these olive skinned, sleek-haired boys is to put it away in the old sock before a blonde darling with blue eyes becomes the rage!

* * *

RUMOUR has it that Eugene O'Brien, popular star of stage and screen, will wed Laura Hope Crews who is now on tour in "Mr. Pim Passes By."

* * *

THE Arbuckle tragedy and the Taylor affair have made the film world suffer heavily.

Still, only recently, a leading man was elevated to stardom just after he left jail because of a scandalous charge.

In New York, just recently, two of the most important magnates in the film world paid a girl dancer \$1,000 early in the morning after a night of carousing in a wild resort, to disrobe entirely before the remaining guests and execute a dance forbidden at secret order stags.

Neither of these matters has reached public print but it does seem that reasonable discretion might be used to avoid more public hue and cry.

* * *

IT IS understood the young Hollywood film star, who was so friendly with the two aviators, Omar Locklear and Willis Brown,

has taken unto herself a new flying friend at Long Beach or thereabouts. Locklear got killed doing acrobatic flying for the movies, while Brown, formerly a British officer, is acting as prosecuting attorney of the Orange Country kangaroo court. His friend, Judge Oscar Trippett, appointed Brown for a year. His time will be up in August and it is hoped that this pleasant young fellow will leave other people's automobiles alone in the future. The picture celebrity did not seem to be very faithful to Willis. She dropped him cold but still is wearing his diamond ring and fur coat.

* * *

"Of All Sad Words—"

Saturday Evening Post—"He jerked an eye over his shoulder."

Joseph Conrad's "Twixt Land and Sea"—"She leaned forward, hugging herself with crossed legs."

Will Irwin—"His eye clutched at the desk."

Harper's Magazine—"She dug her wrists into the deep sockets of her eyes. Blurred by the gesture, she saw him only dimly."

Smart Set—"Fool! Cry out once more and we are lost," he hissed. 'The Baron will not see him!' hissed the other. 'Ah, you have your future, but I—she gulped—'what of me?'"

Ainslie's Magazine—"She forced his lips to her own and spoke softly into them."

The Red Button—"Not to you," replied Rosalie La Grange, dimpling on him."

From Tourgee's "A Fool's Errand"—"Carpetbagger! They hissed the name with lips hot with hate."

* * *

Hott—"Where'd Smith get all this wealth so suddenly?"

Shott—"Oh, he manufactures divining rods for locating hidden liquor."

Any Sap in a Storm

An ardent lover was calling to see his Jenny to whom he had just become engaged. Jenny was not quite dressed when he called, so little Bobbie (Jennie's youngest brother), entertained him while Jennie finished her toilet. Her sweetheart was very much enthused over getting Jennie to accept his proposal, so he said:

"Bobbie, I am going to marry Jennie. She has accepted me, and I am so happy. I'm not good enough for her."

Then Bobbie chimed back, "Yes, that's what Jennie said, but Ma said she'd better take you 'cause you're the best she's gonna get."

* * *

A woman learns how to hate in proportionate ratio that she ceases to charm. She may lose a great deal of her personal vanity as the solving years prove to her that she no longer attracts, but she never loses her impersonal scorn for other women.

* * *

Sumore Damp Phoolishness

What a little bird the frog it are.
When it jumps it yumps—
When it sits it sits on its little tail
Which it ain't got almost hardly.

* * *

Jack Gob's Toast

To meet, to love, to part is the fate of a sailor's heart.

* * *

If we wish to have charming women we should not exterminate vice. It is comparable to destroying the chrysalis and hoping to get the beautiful butterfly.

For Masons and Odd Fellows Only

A certain husband had just taken his first degree in Masonry and arrived home to find his wife waiting for his return. As soon as he had removed his hat and coat she asked him what the degree was like. He told her that he could not tell her, and she insisted that he would have to tell. She became so insistent that he decided he would have to tell her something to keep her quiet, so he said to her:

"Well, the first thing that I saw was a pretty girl, clad in filmy veils, who danced for us."

"I certainly hope that you didn't look at that brazen hussy," she replied.

"Sure, I did," he answered, "If I hadn't looked I would have been an Odd Fellow."

* * *

Tell a girl a good story and she'll laugh at it; tell her a bad one and she'll repeat it.

* * *

Gag From C. P. Don

Of course men admire a circumspicuous woman, but they never invite her out to supper.

* * *

Where 'Ere I Go

She—"What is the seat of the emotions, Jack?"

Jack—"How about the divan?"

* * *

When you see a woman surrounded by men and you cannot see what there is attractive about her it may be simply because you cannot see what there is attractive about her.

Theater Tidbit

The Rev. Thomas Davis, "the baseball parson," known as the chaplain of Connie Mack's rejuvenated Athletics, was sitting in a box in an opera house where collegiate commencement exercises were being held. The toilets of the ladies were extremely elaborate. After looking around the house with an opera glass, one of the ladies exclaimed:

"Honestly, Doctor, did you ever see anything like it in all your life?"

"Never," gravely replied Doctor Davis, "never, Madam, since I was quite young."

* * *

Flappers' Prayer

"Lead us not into temptation" but tell us where it is, and we'll find it. Amen.

* * *

Mother Goose Up to Date

Sing a song of suspense,
A cellar full of ale,
Four and twenty cases,
Ready for a sale.

The 'king' was in his dugout
Acting like a rummy,
The 'queen' was in the barroom,
Raking in the money.

The 'lookout' in the attic,
Failed to use his noodle;
For down came a boozehound,
And pinched the whole caboodle.

* * *

More or Less Exact

That all men are alike—as women frequently declare—is an anatomical fact that cannot be denied.

Sea-sick Sid Buicks

One dark and Willys-Knight a Pathfinder set out to locate where the Chevrolet, and on this trip he was forced to Ford the Hudson and Dodge Overland in his rush to make a Paige in history with a load of Saxon. He was struck by a Pierce-Arrow and knocked Cole.

* * *

Sounds Like a Lie

"That fellow Phipps comes here too much,"
Said Susan's father grim;
'We'll have to put a stop to that,
You must sit down on him."

Now, Sue is an obedient girl—
Respects parental powers;
So when young Phipps came round last night,
She sat on him two hours. ..

* * *

"My girl surely fell for me tonight,"
chuckled Charley Prettyboy, returning home
from the skating rink.

* * *

Dedicated to Poor Old Gus

Mid pleasures and palaces, wherever you
trail; when your stomach is empty, look up
Robbinsdale.

* * *

When a flapper becomes disappointed in love and life, she
lengthens her skirt six inches, dons a pair of rubber-tired spec-
tacles, and preaches on purity in politics.

* * *

Did He Fall or Was He Pushed?

"I was a steady man," sobbed the prisoner,
"Until a slip of a girl made me fall."

Those Cheeks and Them Nose

The old darkey preacher met one of his parishioners who was badly battered from an apparent scrap.

"Sam, don' yo' know what de good book say: Dat if yo enemy smite yo on one cheek yo gwine ta turn to de odder cheek," solemnly admonished the rector.

"Yassir, parsin, I am done cognizant of dat passige in de Bable, but, parson, dis damn nigger hit me in de nose."

* * *

Our History Lesson

In California, Chinese gardeners mind their peas and queues.

* * *

Say It With Flowers

Jack and Jill went up the hill,

To get a pail of water;

Jill sat down upon the ground

To pick violets and—

Do you know those two young people picked flowers two hours?

* * *

Bow, Wow!

"What makes you think it's a case of puppy love?"

"Why, man, he's hounding her to death and dogging her footsteps everywhere."

* * *

People who get chilled to the bone ought to wear a hat.

Our Rural Mail Box

Miss Rhoe Boate—You are entirely wrong.

* * *

Jack Ascertain—Since the passage of woman's suffrage, it is highly improper to say that "politics make strange bedfellows."

* * *

Reginald—Would suggest ending your poem with this beautiful phrase: "The sun fell with a thud on her neck and she became sunburned."

* * *

Cleopatra—The red mark on your shoulder after the dance probably was caused by the biting cold.

* * *

Biblical Student—We are sorry to confess we are rusty on our bible but the story of the creation probably was written by a baseball reporter. It starts out "In the big inning."

* * *

Asa Nine—Platonic Love means that you can kiss her all you want to and forget she is a woman.

* * *

Dear May—Yes, some men are always right—never seem to pull a "bloomer."

G. L. Morrill, Pastor People's Church

Chaplain Actors Church Alliance and National C. M. A.

Residence, 3356 Tenth Ave. So., Minneapolis, Minn., U. S. A.

Capt. "Billy" Fawcett,
Editor WHIZ BANG,
Robbinsdale, Minn.

June 1, 1922

My dear Mr. Fawcett:-

On my recent return from North Africa and Southern Europe, I found your WHIZ BANG had preceded me and prepared the way for a hearty reception on the part of many of our U.S. soldiers and Marines, who read it with more regularity and interest than their Bible. You certainly knew the law of supply and demand, and gave them what they wanted.

When the "Boys" are sick, I am sure WHIZ BANG realizes the Scripture, "A merry heart doeth good like a medicine." When they are lonely, and there are tears in their eyes and aches in their heart, it cheers them, softens their rugged nature, and melts the ice that gathers on their soul 'mid temptations far from home. If what does good is good, then WHIZ BANG is to be commended.

Kindly accept my best wishes for your continued, and even greater success.

Sincerely yours



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